

THE CHARITON COURIER,

O. P. VANDIVER, Ed. and Prop.

KEYTESVILLE, - MISSOURI.

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Keytesville as follows:

GOING EAST.

No 12 St. Louis Mail and Ex. 11 13 a.m.
No 6 Chicago Express 9 48 p.m.
No 22 Moberly Ac. Freight 4 33 p.m.
No 82 Ac. Freight 6 05 p.m.
No 8 Omaha Express 1 48 a.m.

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No 1 Kansas City Express 5 43 a.m.
No 11 K. Mail and Express 3 25 p.m.
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Daily, except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 6 have Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) and new Buffet Sleeping Cars to Kansas City and Chicago without change.
No. 8 will stop at Keytesville for passengers from Chillicothe, or points north of Chillicothe.

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Representative.....Thos. P. Schoeller
Circuit Attorney.....Jas. C. Wallace
County Clerk.....J. H. Herring, President
County Court.....C. E. Allen, W. Dist.
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RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST CHURCH (South).—Rev. C. K. Shilling, pastor. Services 8 a.m. Sabbath morning and evening, and fourth Sunday night of each month. Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meetings Wednesday evenings.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. J. Squire, pastor. Preaching second Sunday in each month, morning and evening.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. H. C. Barton, pastor. Preaching, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, morning and evening.

BENEVOLENT & LITERARY.

KEYTESVILLE LIBRARY.—Mrs. John C. Miller, of H. B. Library open every Friday afternoon from 3 to 5.

LODGE, No. 74, A. O. U. W. and A. M.—There will be regular meetings Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

LODGE, No. 177, A. O. U. W. and A. M.—There will be regular meetings Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

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THE TREASURE TOWER.

OF MALTA.
W. JOHNSON.
BY RAND, McNALLY & CO.

himself, while an expression of startled apprehension swept over his features.

Dolores nodded her head energetically, enjoying this unforeseen triumph. Evidently her chance threat, actuated by childish spite, had intimidated her relative.

"They will mob you," she continued.

"Who?"

"Oh, the good, kind people."

"Hush!"

"They will tear the garden all to shreds and destroy everything."

The threat was her defiance of exhausted patience, of overwrought emotions. The tragic woe of the pictured destruction of the Watch Tower suited her mood.

Jacob Deatry uttered an unsteady laugh, and then his voice assumed a whining inflection.

"You would not set the populace against me, child? There are always wretches that delight to hound and worry a poor old man. You shall return to the convent and become a nun, if you like. We must speak of it later."

Dolores made no response, but sought her own chamber, suppers, with nostril dilated and head thrown back.

She was aroused from her first slumbers by hearing her grandfather insert a key in the lock of her door and turn it, thus making of her a prisoner. He feared she might run away to the town and set the populace against him, then. She fell asleep once more, with a smile on her lips.

The following morning Jacob Deatry was mild and ingratiating in manner. Evidently his anger had spent its force over night.

Dolores was sulky and heavy-eyed. At breakfast the old man insinuated that she might return to the convent if she wished to do so. The girl pouted at his alacrity to get rid of her companionship. She beheld herself a nun, with a flowing robe and a veil, investing the placid image with all the fervor of a youthful imagination. The next moment fright seized her at the thought of the prison bars of restraint imposed on her wayward humors and impatient spirit by dedication to the cloister.

"Not yet, grandpapa," she said, appealingly. "Let us wait a while before we decide. Besides," she added, with soft feminine reproachfulness, "there would be no one to take care of you in case of illness if I left you."

"To take care of me?" repeated the grandfather in shrill accents. "Tut! I need no care or company. Suit yourself, girl."

A warm color mounted to the temples of Dolores, and sudden tears dimmed her eyes. Her glance strayed to the garden, and then reverted to the picture of the Knight in the entrance hall of their dwelling.

"Do not leave me!" the pomegranate and orange trees seemed to whisper, swaying in the light breeze.

"Do not leave me!" sighed the flowers, each unfolding bud of rose and jessamine wafting their fragrance to her senses.

"Depart if you dare, foolish child!" said the Knight of Malta in the picture, a threatening shape in the shadow.

"I am not sure that I would like to become a religious recluse," the full red lips of the girl murmured, half ruefully.

Unconscious of these subtle influences at work on the nature of his granddaughter, Jacob Deatry pointed to the picture with the intent of disparaging its merits.

"Rubbish! Mere rubbish as a painting, you understand," was his contemptuous comment.

"I like it," said the girl slowly. "Give it to me and I will hang it in my room."

"Nonsense!" he retorted, regarding her with furtive uneasiness. "What put that idea in your head? Do not touch the picture again. I forbid it. Hal! Carry the Knight away to your room, indeed!"

"Grandpapa, do you believe that he built our tower?"

"Pooh! No."

"Perhaps he did, you know. He may be pleased to shelter us here, or very angry with us for the intrusion. It is like that with ghosts who have buried treasures, for example, I heard the Sister Scolastica once telling—"

"How you run on, with your woman's tongue," interrupted the old man, peevishly. "When I said that the picture was poor trash it was between ourselves. Some fool may take a fancy to it and pay a good round sum for an ancient portrait of a Knight of Malta, artist and date unknown."

The mobile features of Dolores acquired a scornful expression, and she replied with that mixture of audacity and timidity which had ever characterized her intercourse with her aged relative.

"Then you wish to cheat some stranger? I would not try to sell the Knight at all in that case, but just leave him hanging there on the wall."

Jacob Deatry chuckled, and rubbed his chin.

"Your advice is sound, my dear. Perhaps I will leave him," and he moved away.

Dolores sighed, and went to the fountain, where she gazed at her blooming image, reflected in the water, for a long time. What was

life after all? Perhaps "the riddle of the painful earth" flashed through her mind for the first time. As every

idea, in all social conditions, befalls in a swift and dazzling glimpse the vision of fleeting pleasures not to be her portion, and the brave knights riding away two and two, the fountain's basin may have served as the crystal mirror of the Lady of Shalott to Dolores, giving back, as yet, the blue sky above. To be young was to resemble herself. To be old was to be like grandfather. She shuddered slightly, and turned aside, with a gesture of repulsion. Perhaps it would be better never to grow old. That night the girl drifted softly away to dreamland. Between shifting shadow and rippling light, other than that of the moon, she beheld a radiant shape approach her door and pause on the threshold. The accompanying footstep, which had echoed on her heart and smitten sharply her brain, had been clear and ringing with a vibrant, musical sound, unlike the dull, shuffling movements of grandfather around the house at all hours. Woven of the tissue of pure fantasy was her sleeping thought, mingled with the teachings of saintly lives in the convent school. Not the angelic presence of St. Ursula this, but the Knight of Malta, terrible, beautiful, awe-inspiring, his cross glittering with a phosphorescent ray, and his drawn sword sparkling as the waves of the Mediterranean gleam in breaking on the shores of the island in the midnight hour of summer. Spurning the clogging film of the obscuring years in the portrait, he revealed himself to her in his pristine strength of noble and chivalrous manhood, and the soul of Dolores trembled in her breast. He seemed to address her in a tongue that reached her senses like the murmur of a sea shell, or the sighing of the wind through the trees.

After that, Jacob Deatry brought the tiny dog Florio to the delighted Dolores. Her happy and careless temperament cast off the first somber impression of the incident. She did not forget the Knight, she even entered into a secret alliance with the picture, unknown to her grandfather. She no longer whispered to the pigeons and the flowers, but questioned the dim portrait and wove histories about the career of the hero; muttered poems, vague, confused, and fleeting as the rainbow spanning a dissolving storm-cloud. She artfully led her grandfather to converse about the history of the island. Jacob Deatry was a well-informed man in many respects, and he spoke occasionally, in connection with some relic of stone, pottery, or glass discovered by him, of the rule of Count Roger of Sicily, the institution of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the first crusade. He repeated that rock of soft sandstone called Tufa, known as Malta, with generations of earlier inhabitants, until the coming of the knights to hold the citadel against the Turk. The little maid at his elbow listened demurely, and the old man may have experienced some transient sentiment of gratification in the awakening intelligence of his granddaughter. He was ignorant that Dolores, bridging time and space with fancy's airy bow, linked each glorious deed with the original of the portrait. Nay, she actually became the heroine of thrilling adventures, in which, about to be swept away by an invading host of bold and brutal Corsairs, the Knight Templar rushed to her rescue, and drove off her assailants with prodigious valor.

These idle reveries resolved themselves from rosyate mirage into a solid conviction in the mind of the girl. The Knight had built their Watch Tower and protected them in humble poverty, a feeble old man and an ignorant child, within his precincts. He still kept guard about the crumbling beacon at night. When the sea was rising, with monotonous beating on the strand heralding an approaching tempest, Dolores fancied she heard his footstep of a sentinel coming and going beyond the boundary wall.

To-day, Dolores lost herself in pleasant dreams, as she worked on the pink dress. "To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company!"

Her thoughts dwelt on Dr. Busatti, as the first young man in whose eyes she had ever read a dawning admiration. The purchase of the dress was distinctly traceable to such a source. She was accustomed to his presence, pondered on his words during his absence, and found it agreeable to watch for his return. Fickle Dolores! The unexpected intrusion of the young naval officer, Arthur Curzon, handsome, amiable and full of youthful animation, banished speedily preference for the sallow and thin Maltese physician. Her pulses still fluttered, as the blood coursed more rapidly through her veins, at the recollection of his visit. Should she ever see him again? Why not? Then, as her needle flew, her dream deepened. The Knight of Malta, in polished armor, would come to the garden gate in a golden chariot and lead her away. Are the knights all dead, and must the world grow so old and sad as to lose all faith in the actual existence of these splendid cavaliers? Stay! what was he like? Had she ever truly gazed upon his face?

She paused, with her needle uplifted, and her features contracted in meditation.

At this moment, Florio sprang up and uttered the most miniature of fierce canine barks.

Dolores glanced about her, with a little gasp of wonder.

Lieut. Curzon, after a preliminary rap, pushed open the gate and entered the inclosure without ceremony. His face glowed with a smile of satisfaction, as his glance sought the girl, seated beside the fountain with her work.

Each paused in silence and gazed at the other, Dolores with indefinable apprehension, and the young man with an eagerness of which he was unconscious. The soul of the girl spoke through her eyes with an instinctive, appealing grace, and Lieut. Curzon was again thrilled through with an emotion that occasioned a quickened heart-throb beneath his uniform.

"Good day," he said, at length, advancing and extending his hand.

"Good day," replied Dolores, placing her small brown fingers on his brown palm, and dropping thimble and scissors in the act.

Florio growled, menacingly, and seized the boot of the intruder in his teeth.

"I trust your grandpapa is all right," continued the visitor, retaining the little hand in his grasp rather longer than ceremonious politeness exacted.

"Yes! thanks," demurely. "Shall I call him?"

"No! Give me another moment first."

"As many moments as you wish. You were so good to poor grandpapa that day," and gratitude brought a warm tide of rose color to the velvety cheek, a moisture to the brilliant eyes.

"Was I good?" He forgot his mission, and everything else in the world, except the piquant face before him, which fascinated him strangely.

(To be Continued.)

HON. W. J. BRYAN of Nebraska in his speech opposing the recent \$65,000,000 gold bond issue said in part: "The president is a human being and liable to err, he has erred. The Democratic party owes him only the gratitude it would owe the guardian who has squandered a rich estate. He seeks to inoculate his party with Republican virus that his party may die of blood poisoning. He says this bond issue would save the people \$16,000,000 in 30 years, but instead, they would be robbed of \$16,000,000 in a third of the time by the men in whose interest it is passed. The issue has come and the people have got to meet the proposition. On these questions we find that the Democrats and Republicans of the East lock arms and proceed to carry out their policy without reference to the rest of the country. But, Mr. Speaker, if they do that they must expect that on the principle of self-preservation the rest of the country will drop party lines and unite to preserve their homes and their welfare (Applause). The demand of our eastern brethren, both Republicans and Democrats, is for a steadily appreciating standard value. They are the creditors, they hold our bonds and mortgages, and as the dollars come up here and the debts increase they gather an unearned increment. And the time will come in this country when the unjust exactions and oppressive demands of our eastern friends shall heal divisions in the West and South and end in the restoration of the doctrine of Jefferson, that every man is the equal of other men and has an equal right to the consideration of the government."

A Des Moines woman, who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night again took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and the following morning woke free from all symptoms of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elevated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale by W. C. Gaston.

The stingy man who takes his red-headed son and puts a "stove pipe" hat on the boy's head for a drum, and uses him in the parlor for an oil heating stove, is entitled to some consideration along with the man who is too stingy to take his home newspaper.

A Quarter-Century Test.

For a quarter of a century Dr. King's New Discovery has been tested, and the millions who have received benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. A remedy that has stood the test so long and that has given so universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is positively guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is admitted to be the most reliable for coughs and colds. Trial bottles free at W. C. Gaston's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

How They Died.

Take a walk through our cemeteries and you pass the last resting place of a man who blew into a gun to see whether it was loaded. A little further down the hill-side is buried the crank who tried to see how close he could pass in front of a moving train. In passing about, you pass the modest monument of the hired girl who started the fire with kerosene, and the grass covered knoll that covers what is left of the boy who put a corn cob under a mule's tail. The tall shaft of the man who blew out the gas, casts a shadow over the bosom of the boy who tried to jump a moving railroad train. Side by side the ethereal creature who always had her corset laced to the last hole, and the intellectual idiot who rode a bicycle nine miles in ten minutes, sleep on undisturbed. Here reposes the remains of the young doctor who took a dose of his own medicine, and just over there, with the top of a shoe box driven down by his head, lies a rich old man who married a young wife. Away over by the side gate reposes the remains of the boy that went fishing on Sunday and the old woman that kept her strychnine side by side with her baking powder in the cupboard. The man who stood in front of the mowing machine to oil the sickle, is quiet now, and he rests by the side of the careless brakeman who fed himself to a seventy-ton engine. The fool killer is gathering them in one by one, still he is sometimes behind with his orders.—Ex.

The little town of Braymer was quite wrought up last week through the actions of an ex-convict, J. S. Johnson, who about 14 years ago killed City Marshal Culver of Cameron in cold blood, and was sentenced to 30 years in the penitentiary, but was pardoned after serving nine years. Sunday evening Johnson was arrested at Braymer for flourishing dangerous weapons in a threatening manner, and was fined \$50 and costs by Mayor Gravat, which was paid. His brother, Loren Johnson, was arrested Monday for carrying concealed weapons and flourishing them on the street. Marshal Till allowed Loren Johnson to escape and then resigned his office, fearing the consequence of arresting the desperate character. He was afterward arrested at Breckenridge, but again escaped and his whereabouts are now unknown.

THERE is a verse in the bible which contains every letter in the alphabet and it is said that there is but one such. It is the twenty first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra, and reads: "And I, even I, Artzeres, the king, do make a decree, that all the treasures which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law, of the God of heaven shall require of you, it be done speedily."

For Coughs, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis.

Or any disease of the throat and lungs, try Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup. It relieves where all others fail. Sold and warranted by Sneed's Drug & Grocery Co.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles care—Sweet comes from the very first dose—no more sickly, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments.

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

CHAPTER VI.

A HERO IN OIL.

She was diverted from her conjectures by a heavy sigh, which resembled a groan, behind her. Dolores turned her head quickly, and discovered her grandfather leaning against the doorway, watching her movements in an attitude so rigid and threatening, in a frozen immobility, that she might have believed him stricken with paralysis had he not remained in an upright posture.

"What is the matter, grandpapa?" she cried in alarm.

The sound of her voice seemed to loosen the bonds of a spell, the silence imposed by sheer impotent rage on the benumbed faculties of the old man. He moved his right hand feebly and mechanically, his pale features worked, and his pallid lips twisted away as if by a spasm of pain, recovered the power of speech sufficiently to articulate in agitated tones—

"You—you jade? What are you doing there?"

"I was only dusting the portrait, grandpapa," she replied, relieved to notice the change in him.

"I will teach you, idle hussy! to meddle with my house," continued the old man, a violent nervous tremor pervading his frame, while his eyes rolled in their sockets and flashed ominously.

"How often am I to warn you not to touch my things? You have no right to be here, at all. What are you but a beggar's brat? I—I—have a mind to drive you off altogether. Go, beg your bread of strangers! You are not wanted here."

He seized her arm, and left the imprint of his claw-like fingers in a bruise on the soft and shrinking flesh.

Dolores recoiled, with terrified eyes, and a deep flush of shame and anger mounting to her cheeks. She was bewildered and astonished. The act of cleaning the portrait seemed so slight an offense that she was amazed at the anger aroused. If she had not fully understood the torrent of reproach which had gathered in volume on the lips of her grandfather on the former occasion, when she had attempted to bury a broken doll in the garden, his bitter invectives now reached her mind with a keen force of comprehension, wounding deeply her heart.

The excitement and wrath of Jacob Deatry did not abate during the entire day. The most trifling incident would arouse a fresh paroxysm of rage, and he would walk away from his granddaughter as if in the fear of his supineness with the object of his displeasure as might lead him to some act of violence.

Dolores had trembled and wept at first, troubled by such manifest injustice, as well as frightened by the expression of her grandfather's countenance. Gradually her tears were dried in the fever of sullen rebellion; as, in the depths of her soul, the seething passions, prone to swift action, of her southern temperament became aroused. The slow hours were torture to her irritated nerves, and each new attack of Jacob Deatry, harping ever on the same chord of his grievances,

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